Prin. What ſaiſt thou, *Miſtris quickly?* how dow thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my Lord heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone and liſt to me.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou *Iacke?*

Fal. The other night I fell a ſleepe here behind, the Arras, & had my pocket pickt, this houſe is turnde bawdy-houſe, they picke pockets.

Prin. what didſt thou looſe, *Iacke?*

Falſ. Wilt thou beleeue me, *Hal?* three or foure bonds of forty pounds a peece, and a ſeale Ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, ſome eight penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him my Lord, and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo: and my Lord he ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and ſaid, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hoſt. Ther's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a ſtued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Womanhood, Mayd-marian may be the Deputies wife of the ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

Hoſt. Say, what thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hoſt. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it? I am an honeſt mans wife, and ſetting thy Knight-hood aſide, thou art a knaue to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy Woman-hood aſide, thou art a beaſt, to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knaue thou?

Fal. What beaſt? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir Iohn?* why an Otter?

Fal. Why? ſhee's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hoſt. Thou art an vniuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou ſayſt true *Hoſteſſe*, and hee ſlaunders thee moſt groſely.

Hoſt. So hee doth you, my Lord, and ſaid this other day,

You

You ought him a thouſand

Prin. Sarra, doe I owe yo

Fal. A thouſand poud

Million: thou oweſt me th

Hoſt. Nay, my Lord, hee

cudggell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardoll?*

Bar. Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, yo

Fal. Yea, if he ſaid my Ri

Prin. I ſay tis Copper: da

Fal. Why *Hal?* thou k

but as thou art *Prince*, I fe

Lyons whelpe.

Prin. And why not as th

Fal. The King himſelf

thou thinke Ile feare thee, a

pray God my Girdle breake

Prin. O, if it ſhould, how

But ſarra, there's no roome

boſome of thine; it is all

Charge an honeſt woman

horeſon impudent imboſt

pocket, but tauerne recko

les, and one poore peni

long-winded: if thy pocke

but theſe, I am a villaine; a

not pocket vp wrong: art t

Fal. Doeſt thou heare *H*

cencie, *Adam* fell: & what

daies of villany? thou ſeeſt,

& therefore more frailty yo

Prin. It appeares ſo by t

Fal. Hoſteſſe, I forgiue th

thy Husband, looke to thy

ſhalt find me tractable to

pacified ſtill: nay, I prethe

Now *Hal*, to the newes at

that anſwered?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22285) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Ar